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General Beauregard's Report of the Battle of Drury's Bluff.

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD,  
SWIFT CREEK, VA., JUNE 10TH, 1864.

GENERAL SAM'L COOPER,

*A. & I. G.; C. S. A., Richmond, Virginia.*

GENERAL: While we were hurriedly assembling by fragments, an army, weak in numbers, wanting the cohesive force of previous organization and association, the enemy, operating from his fortified base at Bermuda Hundred's Neck, had destroyed much of the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, and occupied the main line of communication southward, and menaced its river gate (Drury's Bluff) and south-side land defences, with a formidable army and fleet.

In these conditions, the possession of our line of communication southward, became the main point of contest.

To wrest it from the enemy, I selected a course which promised the most fertile results, that of capturing or destroying his army, in its actual position, after cutting him off from his base of operations; or failing in this, of depriving him of future power to control or ob-

struct our communications, by driving him before our front and locking him up in his fortified camp at Bermuda Hundred's Neck.

Our army was organized into three divisions, right, left and reserve, under Major-Generals Hoke and Ransom, and Brigadier-General Colquitt.

The general direction of the roads and adjacent river, was north and south, the general alignment of the armies, east and west.

Our left wing (Ransom) lay behind the trenches on Kings'-land creek, which runs an easterly course, not far in front of Drury's Bluff.

Our right wing (Hoke) occupied the intermediate line of fortifications from Fort Stevens, crossing the turnpike to the railroad.

Colquitt's reserve, in rear of Hoke, centered at the turnpike. The cavalry were posted on our flank, and in reserve, and the artillery distributed among the divisions.

A column from Petersburg, under Major-General Whiting had been directed to proceed to Swift creek, on the turnpike, over three miles from Petersburg, and nine from my lines, and was under orders to advance, at day-break, to Port Walthall Junction, three miles nearer.

The line of the enemy's forces under Butler, comprising the corps of Gillmore and W. F. Smith (10th and 18th) was generally parallel to our intermediate line of works, somewhat curved, concentric and exterior to our own, they held our own outer line of works, crossing the turnpike half a mile in our front. Their line of breastworks and entrenchments increased in strength westward and northward: its right, and weakest point, was in the edge of Wm. Gregory's woods, about half a mile west of James river.

The line of hostile breastworks from their right flank continued westwardly, intersecting the turnpike near our outer line of fortifications.

Near this point of intersection, at Charles Friend's farm, was advantageously posted a force of the enemy throughout the day's struggle, and here are said to have been the headquarters of Generals Butler and Smith.

Butler's lines thence, following partly the course of our outer works, crossed them, and run westwardly, through fields and woods, until after crossing the railroad, his extreme left inclined to the north. With the foregoing data, I determined upon the following plan: That our left wing, turned and hurled upon Butler's weak right, should, with crushing force, double it back on its centre, thus interposing an

easterly barrier between Butler and his base; that our right wing should simultaneously with its skirmishers and afterwards in force as soon as the left became fully engaged, advance and occupy the enemy to prevent his reinforcing his right, and thus check him in front, without, however, prematurely seeking to force him far back, before our left could completely out-flank, and our Petersburg column close upon his rear; and finally that the Petersburg column, marching to the sound of heaviest firing, should interpose a southern barrier to his retreat.

Butler thus environed by three lines of fire, could have, with his defeated troops, no resource against capture or destruction, except in an attempt at partial and hazardous escape westward, away from his base, trains or supplies.

Two difficulties, alone, might impede or defeat the success of my plan. One was a possible and effective resistance by the enemy, in virtue of his superior numbers. Another, probably a graver one, existed as to the efficient, rapid handling of a fragmentary army like ours, hastily assembled and organized, half the brigades without general officers, some of the troops unacquainted with their commanders and neighbors, staff-officers unknown to each other, &c. The moral force, which, derived from the unity which springs from old association, was entirely wanting, and from this cause, generally so productive of confusion and entanglement, great inconvenience arose.

On the other hand, I reckoned on the advantages of being all in readiness at day-break, with short distances over which to operate, a long day before me to manœuvre in; plain, direct routes, and simplicity in the movements to be executed.

Accordingly, at 10.45 A. M. on the 15th of May, preparatory information and orders were forwarded to Major-General Whiting, then at Petersburg, twelve miles from me, to move with his force to Swift creek, three miles nearer, during the night, and at day-break next morning to proceed to Port Walthall Junction, about three miles nearer. These instructions were duly received by that officer and were as follows:

"I shall attack enemy in my front, at day-break, by River road, to cut him off from his Bermuda base. You will take up your position, to-night, at Swift creek, with Wise's, Martin's, Dearing's, and two regiments of Colquitt's brigades, with about twenty field pieces, under Colonel Jones. At day-break, you will march to Port Walthall Junction, and when you hear an engagement in your front, you will advance boldly and rapidly, by the shortest road, in the direction

of heaviest firing, to attack enemy in rear or flank. You will protect your advance and flanks with Dearing's cavalry, taking necessary precautions to distinguish friends from foes.

"Please communicate this to General Hill.

"This revokes all former orders of movements.

"[Signed]

G. T. BEAUREGARD,

"General Commanding."

"P. S. I have just received a telegram from General Bragg, informing me that he has sent you orders to join me at this place. You need not do so, but follow, to the letter, the above instructions.

"[Signed]

G. T. B."

In the early afternoon, I delivered, in person, to the other Division Commanders, the following circular instructions of battle, with additional oral instructions to Major-General Ransom, that while driving the enemy he should promptly occupy, with a brigade, the crossing of Proctor's creek, by the River road, which was the enemy's shortest line of retreat to Bermuda Hundred's Neck:

CIRCULAR TO DIVISION COMMANDERS.

"HEADQUARTERS DEP'T N. C. S. C., VA.,

"DRURY'S FARM, May 15th, 1864.

"GENERAL: The following instructions for battle, to-morrow, are communicated for your information and action.

"The purpose of the movement is to cut off the enemy from his base of operations at Bermuda Hundreds, and capture or destroy him in his present position. To this end we shall attack and turn, by the river road, his right flank, now resting on James river, whilst his center and left flank are kept engaged, to prevent him from re-enforcing his right flank.

"Major-General Ransom's division will, to-night take position, the most favorable for attack, on the enemy's right flank, to be made by him at day-break to-morrow morning. His skirmishers will drive back vigorously those of the enemy, in his front, and will be followed closely by his line of battle, which will, at the proper time, pivot on its right flank, so as to take the enemy in flank and rear. He will form in two lines of battle, and will use his battalion of artillery to the best advantage.

"Colonel Dunnovant's regiment of cavalry will move with this division, under the direction of General Ransom.

"Major General Hoke's division, now in the trenches, on the right of the position herein assigned to General Ransom will, at day-light, engage the enemy with a heavy line of skirmishers, and will hold the rest of his forces in hand, ready to attack with vigor the enemy's line in his front, as soon as he shall find it wavering before his skirmishers, or as soon as Ransom's line of battle shall have become fairly engaged with the enemy. General Hoke will form in two lines of battle, four hundred yards apart, in front of his trenches, at the proper time, and in such manner as not to delay his forward movement. He will use his battalion of artillery to the best advantage.

"Colonel Baker's regiment of cavalry will move in conjunction with Hoke's division, so as to protect his right flank. He will receive more definite instructions from Major General Hoke. Colonel Shingler's regiment of cavalry will move with the reserve division.

"The division commanded by Brigadier-General Colquitt will constitute the reserve, and will, to-night, form in column, by brigades, in rear of Hoke's present position, the centre of each brigade resting on the turnpike. The division will be massed under cover of the hill now occupied by Hoke's troops, so as to be sheltered, at the outset, from the enemy's fire in front. During the movement, the head of the reserve column will be kept at a distance of about five hundred yards from Hoke's second line of battle. As soon as practicable, the intervals between the brigades of the reserve division will be maintained at from two to three hundred yards.

"The reserve artillery, under General Colquitt, will follow along the turnpike, about three hundred yards in rear of the last brigade. He will use it to the best advantage. Simultaneously with these movements, Major-General Whiting will move with his division from Petersburg along the Petersburg and Richmond turnpike, and attack the enemy in flank and rear.

"The movement above indicated must be made with all possible vigor and celerity.

"The Generals commanding divisions, and Colonels Baker and Shingler, commanding cavalry will report at these headquarters at 6 P. M., to-day. In the meantime, they will give all necessary instructions for providing their respective commands with sixty rounds of ammunition issued to each man, and at least twenty rounds for each in reserve. They will cause their commands to be supplied with two days' cooked rations."

"[Signed]

G. T. BEAUREGARD,  
"General Commanding."

Ransom moved at 4.45 A. M., being somewhat delayed by a dense fog which lasted several hours after dawn, and occasioned some embarrassment. His division consisted of the following brigades in the order mentioned, commencing from the left: Gracie's, Kemper's (commanded by Colonel Terry), Barton's (under Colonel Fry), and Colonel Lewis's (Hoke's old brigade.)

He was soon engaged, carrying at 6 A. M., with some loss, the enemy's line of breastworks in his front, his troops moving splendidly forward to the assault, capturing five stands of colors and some five hundred prisoners. The brigades most heavily engaged were Gracie's and Kemper's, opposed to the enemy's right, the former turning his flank. General Ransom then halted to form, reported his loss heavy, and troops scattered by the fog, his ammunition short, and asked for a brigade from the reserve. Colquitt's brigade was sent him at 6.30 A. M., with orders for its return when it ceased to be indispensable.

Before either ammunition or the reserve brigade had arrived, he reported the enemy driving Hoke's left, and sent the right regiment of Lewis's brigade forward at double quick towards the point of supposed danger. This held the enemy long enough for the reserve brigade to arrive, charge and drive him back from the front of our left centre, (where the affair occurred,) over and along the works, to the turnpike.

It will be seen, in a subsequent part of this report, that one of Hagood's advance regiments had unexpectedly come in contact with the enemy, and had been ordered back, it not being contemplated to press, at this point, until Ransom should swing around his left as directed in the battle-order. This, possibly, originated Ransom's impression as to the situation of Hoke's left, which had, in fact, steadily maintained its proper position.

At 7.15 A. M., Colquitt's brigade of the reserve, was re-called from Ransom, and a slight modification of the original movement was made to relieve Hoke, on whose front the enemy had been allowed to mass his forces, by the inaction of the left.

Ransom was ordered to flank the enemy's right by changing the front of his right brigade, supported by another in echelon—to advance a third towards Proctor's creek, and to hold a fourth in reserve. This modification was intended to be temporary, and the original plan was to be fully carried out, on the seizure of the River road and Proctor's creek crossing.

In proceeding to execute this order, Ransom found the reserve brigade engaged, and his own troops moving by the right flank

towards the firing at the centre. He therefore sent Barton's brigade back, instead of Colquitt's, and reported a necessity to straighten and reform his lines in the old position, near the lines he had stormed. Here his infantry rested during the greater part of the day—Dunnavant's cavalry dismounted, being thrown forward, as skirmishers, towards a small force which occupied a ridge, in the edge of George Gregory's woods, north of Proctor's neck. This force of the enemy, with an insignificant body of cavalry (believed to be negroes), and a report of some gunboats, coming up the river, were the only menace to our left.

At 10 A. M., I withheld an order for Ransom to move until further developments should be made, for the following reasons:

The right was heavily engaged—all of the reserve had been detached, right and left, at different times—the silence of Whiting's guns, which had been heard a short time about 8 A. M., gave reasonable hope that he had met no resistance and would soon be engaged—a dispatch had been sent him at 9 A. M., which was repeated at 9.30 A. M., to "press on and press over everything in your front, and the day will be complete;" Ransom, moreover, not only reported the enemy in strong force in his front, but expressed the opinion that the safety of his command would be compromised by an advance.

On the right, Hoke had early advanced his skirmishers and opened with his artillery. The fog and other causes temporarily delayed the advance of his line of battle; when he finally moved forward, he soon became hotly engaged and handled his command with judgment and energy.

Hagood and Johnson were thrown forward by him with a section of Eschelman's Washington Artillery, and found a heavy force of the enemy, with six or eight pieces of artillery, occupying the salient of the outer line of works on the turnpike and his own defensive lines.

Our artillery engaged at very short range, disabling some of the enemy's guns and blowing up two limbers. Another section of the same command opened from the right of the turnpike. They both held their positions, though with heavy loss, until their ammunition was spent, when they were relieved by an equal number of pieces from the reserve artillery under Major Owens. Hagood with great vigor and dash, drove the enemy from the outer lines in his front, capturing a number of prisoners, and, in conjunction with Johnson, five pieces of artillery—three 20-pounder Parrots and two fine Napoleons. He then took position in the works, his left regiment being thrown forward by Hoke to connect with Ransom's right. In ad-

vancing, this regiment encountered the enemy behind a second line of works in the woods, with abattis interlaced with wire; an attack at that point not being contemplated, it was ordered back to the line of battle, but not before its intrepid advance had caused it to sustain considerable loss. This circumstance has been referred to before, as the occasion of a mistake by Ransom.

Johnson, meanwhile, had been heavily engaged. The line of the enemy bent around his right flank, subjecting his brigade, for a time, to fire in flank and front. With admirable firmness he repulsed frequent assaults of the enemy, moving in masses against his right and rear. Leader, officers and men alike displayed their fitness for the trial to which they were subjected. Among many instances of heroism, I cannot forbear to mention that of Lieutenant Waggoner, of the Seventeenth Tennessee regiment, who went alone through a storm of fire, and pulled down a white flag which a small, isolated body of our men had raised, receiving a wound in the act. The brigade holding its ground nobly, lost more than a fourth of its entire number. Two regiments of the reserve were sent up to its support, but were less effective than they should have been, through a mistake of the officer posting them. Hoke also sent two regiments from Clingman to protect Johnson's flank; but through a similar error they were posted in the woods where the moral and material effect of their presence was lost.

I now ordered Hoke to press forward his right for the relief of his right centre, and he advanced Clingman with his remaining regiments and Corse with his brigade.

He drove the enemy with spirit, suffering some loss; but the gap between Clingman and the troops on his left induced him to retire his command, to prevent being flanked, and reform it in the intermediate lines. Thus Corse became isolated, and learning from his officers that masses were forming against his right flank, he withdrew some distance back, but not as far as his original position.

These two brigades were not afterwards engaged, though they went to the front; Corse about one hour after he fell back, and Clingman at about 2.15 P. M. The enemy did not re-occupy the ground from which he was driven before they retired.

In front of Hagood and Johnson the fighting was stubborn and prolonged. The enemy slowly retiring from Johnson's right took a strong position on the ridge in front of Proctor's creek, massing near the turnpike, and occupying the advantageous ground at the house and grove of Charles Friend.

At length Johnson having brushed the enemy from his right flank in the woods, with some assistance from the Washington Artillery, and cleared his front, rested his troops in the shelter of the outer works.

One of the captured pieces having opened on the enemy's masses, he finally fell back behind the woods and ridge at Proctor's creek, though his skirmish line continued the engagement some hours longer.

Further movements were here suspended to await communication from Whiting, or the sound of his approach, and to re-organize the troops which had become more or less disorganized. Brief firing at about 1:45 P. M., gave some hope of his proximity.

I waited in vain. The firing heard was probably an encounter between Dearing and the enemy's rear guard. Dearing had been ordered by Whiting to communicate with me, but unsupported as he was by infantry or artillery, he was unable to do so, except by sending a detachment by a circuitous route, which reached me after the work of the day was closed.

At 4 P. M. all hope of Whiting's approach was gone, and I reluctantly abandoned so much of my plan as contemplated more than a vigorous pursuit of Butler, and driving him to his fortified base.

To effect this I resumed my original formation, and directed General Hoke to send two brigades forward along the Courthouse road to take the enemy in flank and establish enfilading batteries in front of the heights west of the railroad. The formation of our line was checked by a heavy and prolonged storm of rain. Meanwhile the enemy opened a severe fire, which was soon silenced by our artillery.

Before we were ready to advance darkness approached, and upon consultation with several of my subordinate commanders, it was deemed imprudent to attack, considering the probability of serious obstacles and the proximity of Butler's entrenched camp. I, therefore, put the army in position for the night, and sent instructions to Whiting to join our right, at the railroad, in the morning.

During the night the enemy retired to the fortified line of his present camp, leaving in our hands some fourteen hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and five stands of colors. He now rests there, hemmed by our lines, which have since, from time to time, been advanced after every skirmish, and now completely cover the southern communications of the capital, thus securing one of the principal objects of the attack. The more glorious results anticipated were lost by the hesitation of the left wing, and the premature halt of the Pe-

tersburg column, before obstacles in neither case sufficient to have deterred from the execution of the movements prescribed.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the officers and men who fought the battle of Drury's Bluff, for the order and intrepidity displayed by them whenever called upon to meet the foe, regardless of his advantage in number and position. I shall take pleasure in presenting the names of those who most distinguished themselves as soon as the detailed reports of subordinate commanders shall have been received at these headquarters.

The same opportunity will be taken to mention the names and services of those members of my personal and general staff who were present during that battle, and of those officers who, belonging to other commands, kindly volunteered their services on that occasion. The intelligent zeal and activity of all these officers in transmitting orders and conveying information from one portion of the field to the other contributed largely to the success of the day.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed]

G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*

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A High Private's Sketch of Sharpsburg.

PAPER NO. 2.

By ALEXANDER HUNTER.

[Conclusion.]

Late in the evening the column halted near Sharpsburg, a little village nestling at the bottom of the hills, a simple country hamlet, that none outside, save perhaps a postmaster, ever heard of before, and yet which in one day awoke to find itself famous, and the hills around it historic. This tiny town was a quiet, cool, still place—like the locality where Rip Van Winkle lived his days. One could almost imagine he saw the shambling figure, followed by his dog, disappear up the far street, and from just such a casement Dame Gretchen must have fired her farewell shot at her lazy, good-for-nothing spouse.

The hamlet was deserted now—more so probably than our Sweet Auburn, the loveliest village of the plain, ever was—not a soul was to be seen, the setting sun tinged the windows with its glowing rays, and made more vivid the dark background of the high hills beyond. The setting sun, ah, many eyes, all unconscious, looked their last

upon the glowing incandescence as they stood on the crest watching the bright luminary going down.

"O, setting sun awhile delay,  
Linger on sea and shore,  
For thousand eyes now gaze on thee,  
That shall not see thee more;  
A thousand hearts beat proudly now,  
Whose race like thine is o'er."

The 17th of September found our command in a line in the rear of Sharpsburg; we are very tired with marching, exhausted with excitement, and savagely hungry. Had we been well fed, and with nothing to do, there were none who could not have lain at ease, and enjoyed the fine view—so rich and gaudy in the autumn coloring—with the fair garden country spreading out all around, looking its best in the sweet morning air. But sentiment could find no place in a man who had nothing but the memory of what he had eaten to fill his stomach, and as we felt our limp haversacks, the sole absorbing thought crossed each man's mind—where is our breakfast, or our dinner, or our supper coming from? The men began to grumble at being forced to fight on an empty stomach, and a long line of famine-drawn faces and gaunt figures sat there in the ranks, chewing straws merely to keep their jaws from rusting and stiffening entirely. Just at this time a cow—a foolish, innocent, confiding animal—not knowing soldiers' ways, came grazing up to our lines; a dozen bullets crashed through her skull, and a score of knives were soon at work, in an incredibly short space of time, quicker indeed than you could skin a rabbit, the hide of the female bovine was pared and cut off, and a ravenous pack of wolves could not sooner have laid bare her bones than did these hungry soldiers. Everything was eaten, even her tail, that was but an hour ago calmly and easily switching the flies from her back. Some soldier skinned it, burnt it over the fire, and picked it clean in a few minutes. There were no cooking utensils in the whole regiment, not a single skillet or frying-pan, indeed our rations of green corn and apples left us but little need for those articles, but something must be done to cook the beef. The soldier is an inventive genius, he can prepare and dress anything, even to making "*stone soup*," which by the way happened thus:

A hungry looking, lank, angular specimen of the genus Reb, appeared at the farm house of a widow lady—not far from Gordonsville, who was noted for her niggardliness and parsimony. So close indeed,

and mean was she, that a placard was nailed on her gate with the inscription: "No soldiers fed or housed here."

The best foragers and pirooters of the brigade met their match in this old woman, and returned defeated from the field, and at last she was left in undisturbed possession of her place and no hungry soldiers ever were fed at her table.

When this animated picture and figure of famine stalked in her yard, the old lady was prepared for hostilities immediately.

The sad faced defender of the soil, asked in a humble way:

"Please marm, lend me your iron pot?"

"Man, I haven't no iron pot for you!"

"Please marm, I wont hurt it."

"You don't s'pose I am agwine to lend you my pot to carry it to camp, do you? I would never see it again. Go over there where Mrs. Hanger lives, she will lend hers to you."

"Marm I will bring your pot back, hope I may die if I don't. I wont take it out of the yard and will kindle the fire here."

"What do you want with it?" said the old lady.

"I want to bile some stone soup," answered the soldier, looking plaintively at the questioner.

"Stone soup! What's stone soup?" and the old lady's curiosity began to rise. "How do you make it, and what for?"

"Marm," replied the sad faced infantryman, "ever since the war began, the rations have become scarcer and scarcer, until they have stopped entirely, and we uns have to live on stone soup to keep from starving."

"Stone soup, how do you make it?"

"Please marm you get a pot with some water, and I will show you. We biles the stone."

The ancient dame trotted off, full of wonder and inquisitiveness to get the article, and by the time she returned the soldier had kindled a fire, and settling the kettle on the pile, waited for the water to boil, taking a rock about the size of his head, he washed it clean and put it in the pot, and then he said to the old woman who was peering in the pot:

"Marm, please get me a small piece of bacon, about the size of your hand, to gin the soup a relish."

The old lady again toddled off and got it for him. Another five minutes passed by.

"Is it done?" inquired the woman.

"It's most done; but please marm give me a half a head of cabbage

just to make it taste right." The cabbage was brought. Ten minutes came and went.

"Is it done, now?" asked the wondering daughter of Eve.

"Mos' done; but please marm give me a half a dozen potatoes, just to gin it a final flavor." "All right," answered the widow, who by this time had become deeply absorbed in the operation. The potatoes followed the cabbage and meat. Another ten minutes was numbered in the cycle of eternity. "Isn't it done yet, 'pears to me that it's a long time a cooking," remarked the antique mother, who was getting impatient.

"Mos' done; jest get me a handful of flour, some pepper and salt, one or two termartusses, and it will be all right."

These things were brought, and after bubbling in the pot awhile, the utensil was lifted off the fire, the soldier pulled his knife, with spoon attachment, and commenced to eat. The economical widow went in, got a plate, came out, and filled it, the first spoonful she tasted she exclaimed,

"Why, man, this is nothing but common vegetable soup."

"So it is, marm," responded the soldier, who was making the best time he could; "but we uns calls it stone soup."

The old lady carried her pot in the house, learning that the ingenuity of a soldier can compass anything.

But I will return to my mutton—or, rather, my beef. The men were not to be balked of their meal because there wasn't a cooking range or French cooks to prepare their dinner; they hunted about and found flat stones, that were lying around in the greatest profusion, and broiled their beef on them, and then went at it tooth and nail. It would be an interesting study to know how much meat some of those men ate—enough, indeed, to hold his own in that line against a Pawnee or Piute Indian.

After this *dejeuner*, a squad of us went into Sharpsburg. The enemy's artillery had begun to play upon the village, and the many hills echoed and re-echoed the thunder, the war music so common to our ears the last three months.

We stayed a short time, and on our return came down the road towards the Seventeenth. We were passing a group of soldiers lying behind a fence watching the flash of the enemy's artillery, which was on a high hill about a mile off. All at once a large twelve-pounder shell from one of these very guns struck the ground in the front, and then, as if cast by a child's hands, rolled gently around the group, and there it rested, with the fuse sputtering and blazing. The

effect was ludicrous. We did not stop on the order of going, but went at once. Every man jumped, hopped, ran, or rolled from that harmless-looking little black ball, and did not stop until they were at a respectable distance, when, lying flat down, they awaited the explosion. It soon came, and shattered a whole panel of fence by the force of its discharge. How thankful we were that the fuse was so long. Going back, we picked as best we could the fallen fruit which we forgot to carry when that shell came along. We lost our grapes, though.

The Yankees were preparing for their battle. On the heights, some two thousand yards away, fresh batteries would take their position and open; ours would reply, and so, as the hours of the forenoon wore on, the war clamor grew greater, and soon on our left the splashes of musketry, and then the steady, rattling discharges showed the battle was fairly joined.

The old cry soon came to us, "Fall in!" and, soon in line, we advanced and took our place and waited with clenched teeth and fearless front for the attack.

Our position was directly in front of the village of Sharpsburg, on a high hill, behind a new post and rail fence; the topography of the country and the configuration of the ground was peculiar, consisting of a succession of undulating hills and corresponding valleys. The elevation that we were on sunk rather abruptly to a deep bottom, and then rose suddenly, forming another hill, the crest of which was about sixty yards from the top of the eminence where we rested. Any attacking force would be invisible until they arrived on the top of the crest opposite, and in pistol-shot distance, or what we call point blank musketry range.

On our front about a mile away was Antietam creek, spanned by a bridge. This was guarded by Toombs's Georgia brigade, which was only a skeleton command, being about one-fifth of its full ranks.

Our army surrounded Sharpsburg in a semi-circle, and we could lie there and hear and see the raging frenzied battle on our left. The reports of the cannon were incessant and deafening: at times it seemed as if a hundred guns would explode simultaneously, and then run off at intervals into splendid file firing. No language can describe its awful grandeur. The thousand continuous volleys of musketry mingle in a grand roar of a great cataract, and together merging, seemed as if the earth was being destroyed by violence, the canopy of the battle's fume, from this vast burning of gunpowder, rising above the battle-field in such thick clouds, that the

sun looked down gloomy red in the sky, while the dust raised by the mass of men floated to the clouds.

Listen! the fight has commenced down at Antietam bridge, where Toombs lies with his Georgians. The Yankees have commenced to shell their front, which, we all know, is but a prelude to the deadlier charge of infantry.

The shells begin to sail over us as we lay close behind the fence, shrieking its wild song, a canzonet of carnage and death. These missiles howled like demons, and made us cower in the smallest possible space, and wish we had each a little red cap in the fairy tale, which, by putting on our heads, would make us invisible. But what is that infernal noise that makes the bravest duck their heads? That is a "Hotchkiss" shell. Thank goodness, it bursted far in the rear. It is no more destructive than some other projectile, but there is a great deal in mere sound to work on men's fears, and the moral effect of the Hotchkiss is powerful.

The tremendous scream of this shell is caused by a ragged edge of lead which is left on the missile as it leaves the gun. In favorable positions of light the phenomenon can sometimes be seen as you stand directly behind the gun of the clinging of the air to the ball. The missile seems to gather up the atmosphere and carry it along, as our globe carries its air through space. Men are frequently killed by the wind of a cannon ball. There is a law of Nature which causes the atmosphere to cling to the earth, or which presses upon it with a force on the surface of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Does the same law pertain to cannon balls in their flight?

The enemy are silent, but it is the calm that is but a prefix to a hurricane. It comes suddenly and the musketry at the bridge breaks out fiercely; it rises and swells into a full compass: there is sharp work going on. In about an hour Toombs's brigade came rushing back, its lines broken, but its spirit and *morale* all right. It retreated to the village and was reformed and held in reserve to us.

We made ready and expected to see the victorious Yankees following hard upon the heels of the retreating Rebels, but to our astonishment an hour or two of absolute inaction followed; no advance nor demonstrations were made in our front, but on the left the battle was raging as fiercely as ever. What could it mean, we asked each other, but none could solve the question.

At last towards evening their shelling was renewed. A battery supporting the first brigade replied to it. Soon came the singing of the minnies overhead. There is a peculiar tuneful pitch in the flight

of these little leaden balls; a musical ear can study the different tones as they skim through the space. A comrade lying next to me, an amateur musician of no mean merit, spoke of this. Said he, "I caught the pitch of that minnie that just passed. It was a swell from E flat to F, and as it retrograded in the distance receded to D—a very pretty change."

It was now getting late in the afternoon, and the men were becoming cramped from lying in their constrained position; some were moving up and down, some stretching themselves, for there was a cessation of firing in our front—an interval of quiet. It was but a short time, for the guarded, stern, nervous voice of our officer, calling, "Quick, men, back to your posts!" sent every soldier into line. And then, as we waited, each man looked along the line—the slight, thin, frail line—stretched out behind that crest to withstand the onset of solid ranks of blue, and felt his heart sink within him. Yet who could not but feel pride at such soldiers as these; they were the *fleur de mille* of the army. They had kept up in this campaign solely by an unquenchable pride and indomitable will. As dirty, as gaunt, as tattered as they looked, they were "gentlemen." One could say of them, as Marshal Villars had cried out with uncontrollable enthusiasm, as he witnessed the Scotch gentry fighting in the ranks under the Chevalier St. George at the battle of Malplaquet: "*Pardi! un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme.*"

Yes, that thin string of tattered men, lying there with their bright rifles clasped tight in their hands, had marched onward, and onward, though their gaunt frames seemed as if they would sink at every step, they had followed their colors on the hot, dusty march, with fatigue relaxing their muscles, closing their eyes and deadening their wills, they had dragged themselves along to the battle-field with stone-bruised feet; they had fought and won battles on empty stomachs; they had kept steadily on making their allotted march, famishing and nearly naked, covered with dust, half devoured by vermin; they marched onward, still onward, through all the smoke of battle, through the torrid heat of a summer's sun; they had followed their flags through all of this with cheers like the songs of gods.

There was a grand patriotism, an abnegation of self, a sublime devotion to the cause they had espoused, displayed by these wearied, dust-stained, ragged men, that will make the pages of American history shine with splendid lustre.

Our brigade was a mere outline of its former strength, not a sixth remaining. Our regiment, the Seventeenth, that once carried into

battle eight hundred muskets, now stood on the crest, ready to die in a forlorn hope, with but forty-six muskets. My company, that often used to march in a grand review in two platoons of fifty men each, carried into Sharpsburg but two muskets (the writer and one other), commanded by Lieutenant Perry. Is it a wonder that we deliberately made up our minds to die on that hill, knowing what a force must be sent against us?

All at once, an eight gun battery, detecting our position, tried to shell us out, preparatory to their infantry advance, and the air around was filled by the bursting iron. Our battery of four guns took its place about twenty steps on our right, for our right flank was entirely undefended. They replied to the enemy. During the fire a shell burst not ten feet above where the Seventeenth lay, prone on their faces, and literally tore poor Appich, of Company E, to pieces, shattering his body terribly, and causing the blood to spatter over many who lay around him. A quiver of the form, and then it remained still. Another Hotchkiss came screeching where we lay, and exploded, two more men were borne to the rear; still the line never moved nor uttered a sound. The shells split all around, and knocked up the dust until it sprinkled us so, that if it intended to keep the thing up, it threatened to bury the command alive.

Oh, those long minutes that we lay with closed eyes, expecting mutilation, and a shock of the plunging iron, with every breath we drew—would it never end? But it kept up for fully fifteen minutes, and the men clenched their jaws tight and never moved; a line of corpses could not have been more stirless.

At last! at last! the firing totally ceases, then the battery with us limbered up and moved away, because, as they said, their ammunition was exhausted; but murmurs and curses loud and deep were heard from the brigade, who openly charged the battery with deserting them in the coming ordeal. It was in truth a desertion, for instead of throwing their shells at the enemy's eight gun battery, thereby drawing their dreadful fire upon us, they should have laid low and waited until the infantry attack was made, then every shot would have told, every shell or solid shot a help—but they moved away and left us.

An ominous silence followed premonitory of the deluge. The Seventeenth lay with the rest of the brigade, recumbent on the earth, behind the fence, with their rifles resting on the lower rails. The men's faces are pale, their features set, their hearts throbbing, their muscles strung like steel.

The officers cry in low tones, "steady men! steady, they are coming. Ready!"

The warning click of the hammers raised as the guns are cocked, run down the lines, a monetary solemn sound—for when you hear that, you know that the supreme moment has come.

The hill in our front shut out all view, but the advancing enemy were close on us, they were coming up the hill, the loud tones of their officers, the clanking of their equipments, and the steady tramp of the approaching host was easily distinguishable.

Then our Colonel said in a quiet calm tone, that was heard by all, "steady lads, steady! Seventeenth, don't fire until they get above the hill."

Each man sighted his rifle about two feet above the crest, and then, with his finger on the trigger, waited until an advancing form came between the bead and the clear sky behind.

The first thing we saw appear was the gilt eagle that surmounted the pole, then the top of the flag, next the flutter of the Stars and Stripes itself slowly mounting—up it rose; then their hats came in sight; still rising, the faces emerged; next a range of curious eyes appeared, then such a hurrah as only the Yankee troops could give broke the stillness, and they surged towards us.

"Keep cool, men—don't fire yet," shouted Colonel Corse; and such was their perfect discipline that not a gun replied. But when the bayonets flashed above the hill-top the forty-six muskets exploded at once, and sent a leaden shower full in the breasts of the attacking force, not over sixty yards distant. It staggered them—it was a murderous fire—and many fell; some of them struck for the rear, but the majority sent a stunning volley at us, and but for that fence there would have been hardly a man left alive. The rails, the posts, were shattered by the balls; but still it was a deadly one—fully one-half of the Seventeenth lay in their tracks; the balance that is left load and fire again and again, and for about ten minutes the unequal struggle is kept up. The attacking force against the First brigade, as I learned, was a full brigade, three thousand strong, and against our little remnant is a full regiment. What hope is there? None. And yet for the space of a few rounds the combat is kept up, the combatants not over thirty yards apart. We stood up against this force more from a blind dogged obstinacy than anything else, and gave back fire for fire, shot for shot, and death for death. But it was a pin's point against Pelides' spear. Our Colonel falls wounded;

every officer except five of the Seventeenth is shot down; of the forty-six muskets thirty-five are dead, dying or struck down; three, myself among them, are run over by the line in blue, and throw up our hands in token of surrender.

Two of them stopped to take our small squad in charge, and the rest of their line hurried forward towards the village. As we turned to leave we saw our whole brigade striking for the rear at a 2:40 gait. The South Carolina brigade on our left had given away, and the enemy swept on triumphantly, with nothing to bar his progress and save the village, the coveted prize, from falling into their hands; but Toombs's Georgia brigade, which had been driven from the Antietam bridge early in the forenoon, had reformed in our rear, and covered the hamlet.

When a farewell glance of the ground was taken there was a sad sight; there rested the line of the Seventeenth just as they had fallen.

The three prisoners were hurried to the rear, and on reaching the opposite crest found that our fire had been very destructive; each man had probably killed or wounded his man. On the ground surrounded by a group of officers and a surgeon was the Colonel of the regiment that had charged the Seventeenth. He appeared to be mortally hurt, and was deathly pale. Hurrying us back a few hundred yards on the top of a hill, out of the reach of shot and shell, captured and capturers turned to look at the scene before them. As far as our eye could reach our forces seemed to be giving ground; and as line after line of the Yankee reserves pushed forward it looked dark for the Rebels—it seemed to us as if Sharpsburg was to be our Waterloo.

A frightful struggle was now going on in the woods half a mile or so to our left. It appeared to us as if all the demons of hell had been unloosed—all the dogs of war unleashed to prey upon and rend each other; long volleys of musketry vomited their furious discharges of pestilential lead; the atmosphere was crowded by the exploding shells; baleful fires gleamed through the foliage, as if myriads of fireflies were flitting through the boughs, and there was a fringe of vivid, sparkling flame spurting out along the skirt of the forest, while the concussion of the cannon seemed to make the hills tremble and totter.

But a change takes place in this panorama; a marvellous change, before our very eyes. One moment the lines of blue are steadily advancing everywhere and sweeping everything before them; another moment and all is altered. The disordered ranks of blue come rush-

ing back in disorder, while the Rebels followed fast, and then bullet-hitting around us caused guards and prisoners to decamp.

What was the import of this?

None could tell, but still the reflux tide bore us back with it. At last a prisoner, a wounded Rebel officer, was being supported back to the rear, and we asked him, and the reply came back: "Stonewall Jackson has just gotten back from Harper's Ferry, those troops fighting the Yankees now are A. P. Hill's division."

Well, we felt all right, if Old Stonewall was up, none need care about the result.

Still forward came the wave of gray, still backward receded the billows of blue, heralded by warning hiss of the bullets, the sparkling of the rifle flashes, the purplish vapor settling like a veil over the lines, the mingled hurrahs and wild yells, and the bass accompaniment over on our left of the hoarse cannonading. Back we went, stopping on top of every rise of the ground to watch the battle. It was nearly night, the last gleam of the sun's rays struck upon the glass windows of the houses of the little village of Sharpsburg, and made them shine like fire, brighter, more vivid, than even the flames bursting from one house that had been set on fire by an exploding shell.

At last the bridge is reached—the stone bridge that crosses Antietam creek—the key point of the Federal position, the weak point in their line, the spot so anxiously watched by McClellan, for he sent repeated dispatches to Burnside late that evening, as A. P. Hill bore back the advancing tide—his order was: "Hold on to the bridge at all hazards; if the bridge is lost all is lost."

Here was the point Toombs's Georgians made such a gallant defense of the river early in the forenoon, and the dead lay thick all around.

But the battle in our front ceased suddenly, though on other parts of the field it still kept up. As we approached the bridge we were astonished to see so many troops—not a man under ten thousand said my comrade—and they were all fresh troops. Certainly, there was no danger of Burnside losing the bridge, with all those splendid soldiers ready to defend it. Had those men advanced early in the day, instead of being held back, it would have been a black day for the South, and the Yankees would have gained a glorious victory, for we had no reserves, and A. P. Hill was miles away in the morning.

The ground all about the bridge was covered with the dead and wounded, for the Yankees had established a sort of field hospital here, and the desperately hurt in the immediate front were left at this

point. And, besides, a fierce struggle had occurred between Toombs and Burnside's corps, and though short it was sharp and bloody. The dead were many. A group of four figures in blue lay together just as they had fallen—all killed by the explosion of a single shell. One of the Georgians lay on his face with his body almost in two parts, looking as if he had been run over by a train of cars; a solid shot had struck him in the centre of the body. Another of Toombs's brigade was shot just as he was taking aim; one eye was still open, while the other was closed, and one arm was extended in a position of holding his rifle, which lay beside him on the ground. Death had been sudden, instantaneous and painless. The gun had been fired; a spasmodic contraction of the fingers had probably pressed the trigger and set loose the prisoned missile.

Night came at last, stopping the carnage of the dreadful day, and the tender, pitiful stars shone in the vast dome above and looked down upon the scene of desolation and death. The firing had ceased, and only the sound of the groans, unheard before, of the stricken, the maimed, the dying, and a murmuring breeze stealing across the hills in plaintive sympathy.

We were carried on the other side of the stream and placed among our other prisoners taken in the battle—representatives from every command in our army—numbering some five hundred, with about a dozen officers. A guard being placed around us, every man's freed spirit was soon soaring away wherever his fancy led him, and slumber for a time held all in her silken chain.

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***The Maryland Line in the Confederate Army.***

By GENERAL B. T. JOHNSON.

The prevailing idea among the Marylanders, who went South to join their fortunes with those of the Confederate States, was to concentrate themselves into one body, commanded by their own officers, carrying the flag of the State, and to be called the Maryland Line.

I marched the first company across the Potomac from Frederick, the Frederick Volunteers, and by the permission and under the direction of Colonel Jackson, established myself with it at the Point of Rocks on the 9th day of May, 1861. I selected that point as most convenient for rendezvous of such men as might desire to join us.

In a few days I was joined by Captain C. C. Edelin, with another company, and other companies under Captains Herbert, Nicholas,

and others, were rapidly organized at Harper's Ferry. But we intelligently declined to enter the service of Virginia, and insisted upon being mustered into that of the Confederate States.

Accordingly on May 21, 1861, the two companies at the Point of Rocks were mustered into the Army of the Confederate States, by Lieutenant-Colonel George Deas, as Companies A and B, of the First Maryland regiment. Six other companies were mustered into the same service and regiment on the 22nd at Harper's Ferry. They were afterward consolidated into four companies. Other Marylanders congregated at Leesburg, and on June 6th, 1861, held a meeting, at which five counties and the City of Baltimore were represented, of which Coleman Yellott was President, and Frank A. Bond, Secretary. They formed an association, calling themselves "The Independent Association of the Maryland Line," and adopted a constitution which provided for organizing the members into companies, regiments and brigades. Nothing further ever came of this movement.

The companies of Dorsey, Murray and Robertson were, late in May and early in June, mustered into the Virginia service at Richmond, and then transferred to the First Maryland regiment, which they joined at Winchester, June 16, 1861.

As this regiment was marching into the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, Captain Charles Snowden presented to us a flag which had been brought through the lines by Miss Hettie Carey. It was a Maryland State color, with the arms of the State painted on blue silk on the one side, and on the other, "Presented by the Ladies of Baltimore to the First Regiment Maryland Line." The regiment carried that color through all the battles in Virginia until it was disbanded, August 12, 1862. Before then, it had carried the color presented to my Frederick company when we left home. Colonel Steuart attached the new flag to the staff with the old one, and thus the regiment went through the fight at Manassas with two flags, side by side on one lance. The regimental color was presented by the fragment of the regiment left to be disbanded to my wife, who has it now. My company flag is also in my possession.

During the winter of 1861-62, Colonel George H. Steuart, commanding the First Maryland regiment, of which I was then Lieutenant-Colonel, exerted himself for the organization of the Maryland Line:

Our people had become scattered all through the army. We had the First regiment of infantry, Maryland Light Artillery, Captain R. Snowden Andrews, and Baltimore Light Artillery, Captain J. B.

Brockenbrough, as the sole Maryland representatives in the army. But besides that there were Maryland companies in the First, Sixth and Seventh Virginia cavalry, Thirteenth, Twenty-first and Forty-seventh Virginia infantry; besides a body of Marylanders enlisted in the First South Carolina artillery, and Lucas's battalion of South Carolina artillery, and our men, alone, or by twos or threes, were in very many regiments from Texas to Virginia.

The Congress of the Confederate States, in response to the efforts of Colonel Steuart mainly—for, while others assisted, his exertions were the principal cause of its action—on February 15, 1862, passed the following act:

*"An act to authorize and provide for the organization of the Maryland Line."*

"Sec. 1. The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact, That all native or adopted citizens of Maryland, who have heretofore volunteered, are now in or may hereafter volunteer in the service of the Confederate States, may, at their option, be organized and enrolled into companies, squadrons, battalions and regiments, and with the First Maryland regiment and several companies now in service, into one or more brigades, to be known as the *Maryland Line*; said organization to be in accordance with existing laws."

In consequence of, and to carry into effect this Act of Congress, the following General Order was issued:

General Order No. 8.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
*Adjutant & Inspector General's Office,*  
Richmond, Feb'y 26, 1862.

I. The following Act of Congress with Regulations of the Secretary of War thereupon, are published for the information of the Army.

[Here follows the above act.]

II. In accordance with the requirements of the above act, all Marylanders now in service in the military organizations, other than that of the First Maryland regiment, will, upon application, (proper evidence setting forth the fact that they are native or adopted Marylanders being furnished,) be transferred to the First Maryland regiment; or where the numbers are sufficient, may be organized into companies, squadrons, battalions, or regiments, which, with the First Maryland regiment will be formed into brigades, to be known as the *Maryland Line*.

III. Colonel George H. Steuart, now commanding the First Maryland regiment, is assigned to this duty of organization, re-enlisting for his own regiment, and re-organizing from the material obtained by enlistments and transfers, in accordance with the foregoing law—having command of the whole.

By order of the Secretary of War,  
S. COOPER,  
*Adjutant & Inspector General.*

Colonel Steuart was promoted to be Brigadier-General in the following March, and on reporting to Major-General Ewell, of Jackson's army in the Valley, was allotted the First Maryland regiment, Brown's troop of cavalry, and the Baltimore Light Artillery, which thus constituted the Maryland Line.

During the Campaign of the Valley, however, in the advance he commanded a brigade of cavalry, and it was not until after the battle of Winchester (May 26) that he assumed command of the Line, which was attached to the second brigade Jackson's division, also under Steuart's command. On June 8th, at Cross Keys, he was wounded, and the command devolved on me. I retained it, and commanded the Maryland Line, as a separate organization, during the remainder of operations in the Valley, during the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, and until August 12th, when the First regiment was disbanded—its numbers having been greatly reduced.

The Second regiment was organized in the fall of 1862, and during the winter elected Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Herbert to command it. It served in the Valley under General W. E. Jones, but no attempt was made, that I am aware of, to consolidate the Maryland commands.

The army moved northward in June, 1863. I was then member of a military court in Richmond, and the Secretary of War gave me a commission on June 22, 1863, of Colonel First regiment Maryland Line, with orders to report at once to Major-General I. R. Trimble, of Ewell's corps, with orders to them to put me in command of the Maryland troops serving with them. With the commission and orders, he issued to me this authority:

"Sir,—You are hereby authorized to recruit from Marylanders and muster into service companies, battalions and regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery, to serve for the war, and to be attached to and form part of the Maryland Line.

"By command of the Secretary of War.  
"SAM'L W. MELTON, Major and A. A. G.  
"Colonel Bradley T. Johnson."

I joined the army on July 2d, but—as, in the graphic language of General Ewell, "This is no time for swapping horses"—I did not get my command to which I had been ordered.

I was assigned to command the Second brigade of Jackson's division.

On November 1, 1863, General Lee directed me to collect the Maryland troops and proceed to Hanover Junction, and ordered to report to me at once the Second Maryland Infantry, the First Maryland Cavalry, and the Baltimore Light Artillery. I was to have the other troops as soon as the exigencies of the service would permit.

The Maryland Line, then, was established at Hanover Junction during the winter of 1863-64, charged with the duty of watching Lee's flanks, and particularly of protecting the bridges over the South Anna, which preserved his communication with Richmond.

During the winter the Chesapeake Artillery, Captain W. Scott Chene, and the First Maryland Artillery, Captain W. F. Dement, reported to me and became part of the Maryland Line. The batteries were designated: First Maryland Artillery, formerly Maryland Light; Second Maryland Artillery, formerly Baltimore Light; Third Maryland Artillery, Captain Latrobe, serving in the Western army; Fourth Maryland Artillery, formerly Chesapeake.

It was decided by President Davis that, under the law, an election must be held for commanding officer of the whole. Accordingly, I received this letter:

"ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,

"Richmond, February 4, 1864.

"Sir,—You are hereby required to cause an early election for the Colonely of your present command in the Maryland Line; the election to be full and complete.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"S. COOPER, A. and I. G.

"Colonel Bradley Johnson."

The election was held on February 6th, under the direction and supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel Ridgeley Brown, by Captains Emack, Welsh and Schwartz, of the cavalry; Captains Crane, McAleer and Gwynn, of the infantry, and Captain Griffin and Lieutenant Brown, of the artillery.

The Colonel of the First regiment Maryland Line was unani-

mously elected to command the Line. This was the largest force of Marylanders ever collected during the war in the Confederate army. It consisted of a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and four batteries, all in a high state of efficiency.

On March 23, 1864, a general order was issued from the Adjutant and Inspector General's office, directing the establishment of two camps, in which Marylanders could be collected and organized. The one at Hanover Junction to be called Camp Howard, under the command of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, with the troops then under his command, and a new rendezvous at Staunton, to be called Camp Maryland, under Major-General Arnold Elzey. This order and this effort accomplished nothing. General Elzey established himself at Staunton with his staff, and no sufficient number of men ever reported to organize a single company. At Hanover Junction I got together the troop above described.

When the army fell back to the line of the South Anna after the battle of the Wilderness, in May, 1864, I was ordered off with the cavalry to go behind Grant's army. The infantry was absorbed by Breckenridge, where it did splendid service, and was designated by General Lee in orders, "the gallant battalion"; and the artillery assigned to infantry or cavalry according to its equipment.

I retained the Baltimore Light (Second Maryland) with the cavalry as the Maryland Line during Early's Valley and Maryland Campaign of 1864.

The reasons why the Marylanders could not be collected into one command were as manifest to me in 1862-64 as they are now. They had no relation to the gallant soldier Steuart, who made such an effort, or splendid old Elzey, whom we all honored and loved—nor to any Maryland soldier, officer or private. I do not purpose to explain them now; I will do so in the future. I merely desire to furnish a connected narrative of historical facts concerning the Maryland Line in the Confederate army.

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#### **Our Cause in History.**

*By REV. H. MELVILLE JACKSON, of Richmond.*

[The following eloquent response to a toast at the Howitzers's Banquet in Richmond, Dec. 13th 1882, takes a view of "our cause in History" that is hopeful, and well worthy of preservation. It only

needs to be emphasized, that *we* must see to it, that the facts are preserved.]

## TOAST—OUR CAUSE IN HISTORY.

*Sentiment.*—“A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land barren, beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. \* \* \* The triumphs of might are transient—they pass and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicle of nations.”

Rev. H. M. Jackson responded as follows, amidst frequent applause:

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen* :—I esteem myself highly honored in being permitted to mingle with you on this festal occasion, to share with you in the reminiscence of events in which I had no part, and to join in the commemoration of a past of which I know but little—save by the hearing of the ear.

I could not help, you know, being born a few years too late; but, while the mere “accident of birth” debarred me from participation in the glory and horror of war, I thank you that you admit me to share in these lingering echoes of the past, which, in the “piping time of peace,” memory reproduces, in mimic minature, to kindle again the smouldering fires in the soldier’s breast.

It is however, Sir, the duty, as it is the pleasure, of man, to look both backward and forward; and therefore, while memory plays her part to-night in recalling the past, you have directed that we should project our thoughts into the future to inquire how that Cause, which still remains dear to your hearts, shall fare at the hands of the historian.

It has been said of General Robt. E. Lee that he often expressed the fear lest posterity should not know the odds against which he fought. What then was in the mind of the great warrior? Was he apprehensive lest his military fame should suffer? Was he fearful that his name might not be written large on the annals of history? All who knew that man know full well no such thought found harbour in his breast. No solicitude respecting his future fame disturbed the serenity of a mind lifted above the petty ambitions of personal reputation; but, the daily witness of incredible heroism, daily spectator of the dauntless courage with which a decimated army faced undismayed an-

overwhelming foe, the chieftain of your armies, gentlemen, feared lest the examples of knightly valour and splendid fortitude, which you have exhibited to the ages, might, through the incapacity or incredulity, or venal mendacity of the historian, be finally lost to the human race.

And there is, I will venture to say, scarcely a soldier of the Confederacy who does not share this apprehension that posterity may not do justice to the cause in which he fought. Soldiers, you cannot bear to think that your children's children shall have forgotten the fields on which you have shed your blood. You cannot think with equanimity that a day will come when Virginia shall have suffered the fame of her heroes to be lost in obscurity, and the valorous achievements of her sons to fade from memory. And if you thought, to-night, that the muse of history would turn traitor to your cause, misrepresent the principles for which you fought, and deny to you those attributes of valour, fortitude and heroic devotion you have grandly won, your souls would rise up within you in immediate and bitter and protesting indignation.

This apprehension is thought by some to be not altogether groundless. The North, it is said, is making the literature of these times, has secured the ear of the age and will not fail to make an impression, unfavorable to you, which time will deepen rather than obliterate. Diligent fingers are carving the statues of the heroes of the Northern armies, writing partisan and distorted versions of their achievements, altering, even in this generation, the perspective of history, until, at no distant day, they shall have succeeded in crowding out every other aspirant of fame and beguiled posterity into believing that the laurels of honor should rest, alone and undisturbed, upon the brows of your adversaries.

It is to dispel this apprehension that I am here to-night. I am here to tell you that the muse of history will not turn traitor to your cause, that your fame shall not be forgotten—no, not so long as unwearyed time shall count out the years to mortal man!

There is a law which governs the compilation of history, gentlemen,—a law which is succinctly stated in this sentiment to which I am responding: "The triumphs of might are transient—they pass and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations."

Rome made the literature of her day; Carthage made none; Rome was the victorious power; Carthage was obliterated:—and yet, the figure of Hannibal stands out, luminously clear, from the misty back-

ground of those times, while Scipio Africanus is known to the ear only as a name, and the heroic defence of Carthage, when the women of that devoted city plaited their long tresses into bow-strings for the archers, and beat their jewels into arrow points, remains among the inspirations of history.

Or, to take more modern instance, England made the literature of her time—Scotland made none; England conquered—Scotland was overcome; and yet none remembers the victorious Edward—he has passed and is forgotten—but the names of William Wallace and Robert Bruce are graven ineffaceably upon the “Chronicles of Nations” and the story of their deeds and their sufferings have been strangely intertwined with all that is noblest and best in human action.

Nothing lives, either in story or in song, but that which appeals to the heart of humanity; and nothing on God’s earth so moves the sympathies of man as when the weak are seen defending their honor, their principles or their homes—against the strong. The instincts of man incline to the overpowered, and these instincts are the best and dominant guides in the construction of history. “The triumphs of might,” brute force, crushing power, have no admirable aspect, awaken no worthy sentiment, possess no inspiration; but there is something allied to our higher and God-born nature in suffering for the right, something we instinctively feel must not be permitted to perish from the earth, something which man, for man’s sake, must guard with zealous care and transmit as the heirloom of generations.

Therefore, Sir, if the same laws prevail in the future as have prevailed in the past, you need have no apprehension of misrepresentation. The righteousness of your cause precludes fear. You may commit the principles for which you fought, you may confide the story of your deeds, you may consign the heritage of heroism you have bequeathed the world, with confident expectation of justice, to the hands of the annalist.

“In seeds of laurel in the earth,  
The blossom of your fame is blown;  
And somewhere waiting for its birth,  
The shaft is in the stone.”

But, Sir, I am reminded by the presence of two guests at your banquet, that it cannot be truthfully said the South is making no literature. The presence here (if I may be pardoned personal allusion) of the Author of the *Life of Lee*, who as Editor of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, is accumulating the material for the future historian—a work the importance of which I fear we do not

duly appreciate—and the presence here of the Author of "Minutiæ of Soldier Life," a book which preserves for us, in all the delicious freshness of local colouring, that interior life of the soldier which is the best index of his character and the best indication of his stalwart and sturdy fortitude, confute the allegation.

And yet, perhaps, Sir, the best history is the unwritten history. The best schools of history are around the hearth-stone. The best lessons of patriotism, of veneration for the past, of true and laudable appreciation of noble deeds, are received at the lips of a mother. Her unerring instincts teach her to select with wonderful skill the best exemplars to kindle the aspirations of youth. The women of modern times take the place, and perform the duty, of the minstrels of an older age. They keep alive the traditions of a land and suffer nothing of enduring value to perish. Happy, then, is that land which can furnish the lips of its fair minstrels with rich stores of inspiration, drawn from the achievements of its sons. Happy that land which has placed in the mystic temple of fame such embodiments of all the manly virtues as may be found in the soldier of the Confederacy, whether the chieftain of its armies or the humblest private in the ranks. All the better if the laurels of their fame is intertwined with the emblematic cypress of sorrow. All the better if the paeon of their praise is interpersed with minor cadences speaking softy of sufferings nobly, if vainly, borne. All the better if the blood they shed be intermingled with tears, so that the baptism of blood and tears may descend in fructifying influence, upon this fair land.

"Yes give me a land of the wreck and the tomb,  
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom,  
For out of the gloom future brightness is born  
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;  
And the graves of the dead with grass overgrown  
May yet be the footstool of liberty's throne,  
And each single wreck in the war path of might  
Shall yet be a stone in the temple of right."

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#### The Merrimac and Monitor.

The claim now before the United States Senate, for prize money by the crew of the "Monitor" on the ground that she disabled the "Merrimac," and thus saved Washington and even New York from destruction, has revived interest in the famous "Battle of Hampton Roads," and elicited a number of papers worth preserving for the

use of the future historian. The official report of Admiral Buchanan (Vol. 7, page 305, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS), and the admirable narrative of Captain Catesby Ap. R. Jones (which we printed in the *Southern Magazine* and shall reprint hereafter), settle the question beyond peradventure, and we cannot conceive that par- tizan influence can prevail on Congress to grant this absurd claim of the crew of the Monitor.

General D. H. Maury has given a summary of the facts in the fol- lowing letter addressed to Senator Johnston:

LETTER FROM GENERAL MAURY.

OFFICE OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY,  
November, 1882.

*Senator John W. Johnston, of Virginia :*

DEAR SIR,—At your request I forward to you the essential facts about the Battle in Hampton Roads between the Confederate ironclad, Virginia (Merrimac) and the Federal fleet, consisting of the Monitor (ironclad) and the Cumberland, Congress, and Minnesota.

On March 8, 1862, the Virginia steamed out of Norfolk to attack the frigates Congress and Cumberland, then lying in Hampton Roads. She was commanded by Admiral Franklin Buchanan.

She first encountered the United States frigate Cumberland, whom she struck with her prow and sunk—her iron prow was broken off in the collision and sunk with the Cumberland.

The Cumberland behaved with conspicuous devotion from first to last. She was at anchor and received the Virginia firmly, and sunk working her battery and with her colors flying.

The Congress slipped her cables and ran ashore and after a gallant defence surrendered and was taken possession of. She was set on fire and blew up at midnight.

The Monitor had not yet appeared. All of the other ships re- tired below Old Point except the Minnesota, and she got ashore, be- yond the reach of the Virginia, and so escaped.

On the morning of March 9th the Monitor hove in sight, and steamed to attack the Virginia.

These two ironclads exchanged a number of shots. No serious damage was inflicted by either upon the other—but after having been rammed by the Virginia with her wooden prow and having received a shot which jarred her turret and disabled her commander, the Moni- tor retired into shoal water beyond the Virginia's reach and never again encountered her.

The Virginia the next morning returned to Norfolk, went into dock and repaired damages—put on a new steel prow, exchanged two of her guns for two others, and on May 8, more formidable than ever, again went out to attack the Federal fleet which had been reinforced by the Galena and Vanderbilt, and was bombarding the Confederate batteries, on the shore. On the approach of the Virginia the Monitor and all the rest of the fleet retired below Old Point beyond her reach and never again came out.

The Virginia maintained this attitude of defiance and victory until May 11th, 1862, when Norfolk was evacuated by the Confederate forces and all stores and munitions of war not movable were destroyed, including the Virginia (Merrimac).

These facts are attested by eye-witnesses and actors in these events of high authority, and are drawn from carefully prepared narratives and reports in the office of the Southern Historical Society in the capitol of Virginia.

With high respect your obedient servant,

DABNEY H. MAURY,  
*Chairman Executive Committee S. H. S.*

Midshipman Littlepage who was on the Merrimac, furnished the following to the *Washington Post*:

STATEMENT OF MIDSHIPMAN LITTLEPAGE.

*To the Editor of The Post:*—From the article which appeared in the columns of *The Post* this morning, I learn that the officers and men of the Monitor have memorialized Congress for prize money for the disabling of the Merrimac by that vessel. As there is not an officer or man who was on the Monitor on that memorable occasion who does not know that the Monitor did not disable the Merrimac, I cannot conceive upon what grounds the claim for prize money is made. It reminds me of the old sailor, who, whenever he heard others speaking of fine horses, would always tell of the remarkable traits of his own horse. He told it so often that he actually believed he had a horse, and when the ship went into Vera Cruz he bought a fine Mexican saddle for it. The statement that the Merrimac was disabled and driven from Hampton Roads into Norfolk is entirely incorrect and absurd. It only convinces me that I. R. G., like many others who have written upon this subject, was not there. The Monitor was neither the direct nor the remote cause of the destruction of the Merrimac; if prize money is to be awarded for her, let it

be given to the gallant officers and crew of the Cumberland, which went down with her colors flying after doing nearly all the damage sustained by the Merrimac on the 8th and 9th of March, 1862. The broadside fired by the Cumberland just as the Merrimac rammed her cut one of the Merrimac's guns off at the trunnions, the muzzle off another, tore up the carriage of her bow pivot gun, swept away her anchors, boats and howitzers, riddled her smoke-stack and steam-pipe, and killed and wounded nineteen men.

The next day in the fight with the Monitor the Merrimac did not have a man killed or wounded nor a gun disabled. The only damage sustained by her worth mentioning was by ramming the Monitor with her wooden stem, her cast-iron bow having been wrenched off the day before in the Cumberland. This probably saved the Monitor from a similar fate. 'Tis true the Monitor struck us some powerful blows with her eleven-inch guns when only a few feet from us, but not one of her shots penetrated our armor. If instead of scattering her shot over our shield she had concentrated them upon some particular spot, a breach might have been made. When the Merrimac left Hampton Roads for Norfolk, the Monitor had passed over the bar and hauled off into shoal water, where we could not reach her—the Merrimac's draft being over twenty-two feet, and hers only about ten. As there was nothing more to fight, the tide being favorable, the Merrimac returned to Norfolk, where she was docked. She was then thoroughly overhauled and equipped for fighting an ironclad. A prow of steel and wrought iron was put on. Bolts of wrought iron and chilled iron were supplied for the rifle guns, and other preparations made especially for the Monitor. They were such as to make all on the Merrimac feel confident that we would either make a prize of or destroy the Monitor when we met again. On the 11th of April, all being ready for the expected fray, the Merrimac again went to Hampton Roads. The Monitor was laying at our moorings, at the mouth of the Elizabeth river, publishing to the world that she was blockading the Merrimac. Greatly to our surprise she refused to fight us, and as we approached she gracefully retired, and closely hugged the shore under the guns of Fortress Monroe. As if to provoke her to combat, the Jamestown was sent in, and she captured several prizes, in which the Monitor seemed to acquiesce, as she offered no resistance. French and English men-of-war were present; the latter cheered and dipped their flags as the Jamestown passed with the prizes.

On the 8th of May, when the Merrimac had returned to Norfolk  
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for supplies, a squadron consisting of the Monitor, Naugatuck and Galena (iron-clads) and five large men-of-war, commenced to bombard our batteries at Sewell's Point. The Merrimac immediately left Norfolk for the scene of conflict. As she approached the squadron at full speed the Vanberbilt, one of the fastest steamers then afloat, which, we understood, had been fitted with a prow especially for ramming us, joined the other ships. We regarded the attack as an invitation to come out, and we expected a most desperate encounter. Much to the disappointment of our Commodore, and greatly to the relief of many others besides myself, as soon as the Merrimac came within range they seemed to conclude that Sewell's Point was not worth fighting about, and all hurried below the guns of Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps. The Merrimac pursued at full speed until she came well under the fire of the latter port, when she retired to her moorings at the mouth of the river. After the evacuation of Norfolk the Merrimac was taken above Craney Island and blown up on the 11th of May. The Monitor was then up James river, having gone up the day before, and was probably more than fifty miles away. She had refused the gage of battle offered her by the Merrimac daily since the 11th of April.

Wherfore doth she claim prize money?

In stating the above facts I do not wish to detract one iota from the just deserts of the brave officers and men of the Monitor. They did their whole duty, but not more gallantly than their less fortunate comrades on the Cumberland, Congress, Minnesota and other ships in the Roads, and are therefore no more entitled to prize money. Those on the Merrimac by no means regarded the Monitor as a lion in her path. Having served on the Merrimac from the time work was first begun upon her until the night of her destruction, in justice to all concerned, and that honor may be done to whom honor is due, I simply desire the facts to be known.

H. B. LITTLEPAGE.

*Washington, Feb. 21.*

The following letter from Captain W. H. Parker to the *Norfolk Landmark*, is also an interesting and unanswerable statement of the question :

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN PARKER.

NORFOLK, VA., December 11, 1882.

*To the Editor of the Landmark:*

The claim of the crew of the U. S. S. Monitor for prize money for

the destruction of the Confederate vessel Virginia (Merrimac) has naturally called forth many letters from those engaged in the naval operations in Hampton Roads from March 8, 1862, to May 6, 1862.

I commanded the Beaufort in the battles of the 8th and 9th of March, and in the operations under Commodore Tattnal, to which I shall allude. In fact, I may say I commanded a consort of the Merrimac from the time she was put in commission until she was blown up. I therefore profess to be familiar with her history.

The battle of March 8th I propose describing at some future day, in order to show more particularly what part the wooden vessels took in that memorable engagement. The battle of March 9th—that between the Monitor and the Merrimac—has been fully described by Captain Catesby Jones, her Commander, and by other of her officers. I do not propose here to repeat it; but there are some points in relation to the operations subsequent to that engagement which have either been unnoticed, or but lightly touched upon. These points are in my judgment so important, and bear so immediately upon the claim of the Monitor for prize money, that I venture to submit the following:

I. After the battle of the 9th of March, the Merrimac went into dock to replace the prow, or ram, which had been lost in sinking the Cumberland, to exchange some of her guns, and to make some small repairs to her armor and machinery. On the 11th of April Commodore Tattnall, who had succeeded Commodore Buchanan in the command, went down with his entire squadron, consisting of the Merrimac, Patrick Henry, Jamestown, Teaser, Beaufort an' Raleigh, to offer battle to the Federal fleet then lying in Hampton Roads, or below Old Point. The Merrimac was the only iron-clad. Upon the appearance of our squadron the entire Federal fleet retreated below the Rip-Raps, or under the guns of Old Point. Three merchant vessels were run on shore by their masters between Newport's News and Old Point, and were partially abandoned. The Jamestown and Raleigh towed them off almost under the guns of Old Point and the Federal fleet. Their flags were hauled down and hoisted Union down under the Confederate flag as a defiance to induce the fleet to attempt to retake them. The fleet, under Flag-officer Goldsborough, consisted of a large number of wooden vessels, some of them very heavy frigates, the Monitor, the Naugatuck (a small iron-clad), and even the Vanderbilt, a powerful steamer specially prepared "to run down and sink the Merrimac."

An English and a French man-of-war were present in the Roads

and went up off Newport's News, evidently to witness the serious engagement, which we, at least, expected. Their crews repeatedly waved their hats and handkerchiefs to our vessels as we passed and repassed them during the day.

The Merrimac, with her consorts, held possession of the Roads, and defied the enemy to battle during the entire day, and for several days after—the Federal fleet lying in the same position below Old Point. Towards sunset of the first day the Merrimac fired a single gun at the enemy; it was immediately replied to by the Naugatuck, lying, I think, inside Hampton Bar.

I do not know what Commodore Tattnall thought about attacking the Federal fleet as it stood, nor do I know what his instructions were, but I *do* know that our officers generally believed that torpedoes had been placed in the channel between Old Point and the Rip-Raps; indeed, we supposed that to be the reason why Flag-officer Goldsborough declined to fight us in the Roads; moreover, fighting the entire fleet, Monitor, Galena, Naugatuck, Vanderbilt, and all in the Roads, was one thing, and fighting the same under the guns of Old Point and the Rip-Raps, was another.

II. The Merrimac remained for some days in this position, offering battle, and protecting the approaches to Norfolk and Richmond, and then went up to the Navy Yard to water. I think it was on the 8th day of May that Flag-officer Goldsborough took advantage of her absence to bombard Sewell's Point with a number of his vessels—the Monitor, Galena, and Naugatuck included—all three iron-clads. When the fact was known in Norfolk, the Merrimac cast off from her moorings and steamed down to take a hand in the fight. *As soon as her smoke was seen* the entire fleet fled, and again took refuge below the guns of Old Point, where the Merrimac declined to pursue, for reasons satisfactory to her gallant commander.

III. From this time, until the 10th of May, the Merrimac maintained the same attitude. On that day she was blown up by her commander in consequence of the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederates. Then, and *not till then*, Commodore John Rodgers was sent up the James river with the Galena, Monitor, and Naugatuck, all iron-clads, to attack Drewry's Bluff or Fort Darling, and make an attempt on Richmond.

IV. The above facts go to show what Flag-officer Goldsborough thought of the Merrimac, and in citing them, I wish it to be understood that I intend to cast no imputations upon him and his gallant officers. I have been told by some of them that he had positive

orders from his government *not to attack the Merrimac*; and I believe it to be case. Let us now see what some of the other officials thought.

At a council of war, assembled March 13th, 1862, at Fairfax C. H., Va., present, Generals Keyes, Heintzelman, McDowell, and Sumner, it was decided that General McClellan's plan to attack Richmond by York river should be adopted; provided, *first*, "that the enemy's vessel, Merrimac, can be neutralized." Page 55, series 1, vol. 5, official records of the Union and Confederate armies.

On page 751 I find the following letter:

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, March 13, 1862.

*Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:*

SIR,—I am directed by the Secretary of War to say that he places at your disposal any transports or coal vessels at Fort Monroe for the purpose of closing the channel of the Elizabeth river to prevent the Merrimac again coming out.

I have the honor, &c.,

L. THOMAS, *Adjutant-General.*

And on page 752 I find the following:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, March 13, 1862.

*Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:*

SIR,—I have the honor to suggest that this Department can easily obstruct the channel to Norfolk so as to prevent the exit of the Merrimac, provided the army will carry the Sewell's Point batteries, in which duty the navy will give great assistance.

Very respectfully,

GIDEON WELLES.

Be it remembered that the above extracts are all dated March 13th, four days after the so-called victory of the Monitor over the Merrimac! Would it not seem that a doubt rested in the minds of the writers?

V. The memorial claims that the Monitor not only whipped the Merrimac on the 9th of March but that she ever after prevented her from going below Old Point; and thus saved Baltimore, Washington, and even New York!!! The answer to this is that the Merrimac could not have gone to Baltimore or Washington without lightening her so much that she would no longer have been an ironclad: that is, she would have risen in the water so as to expose her unarmored

sides. As to her going outside of Cape Henry it was impossible; she would have foundered. She could not have lived in Hampton Roads in a moderate gale.

I served in the Palmetto State at Charleston, a similarly constructed vessel, but better sea-boat, and infinitely more buoyant, and have seen the time when we had to leave the outer harbor and take refuge in the inner in only a moderate blow!

VI. From the above-mentioned facts I think it clearly appears, (1) that the Monitor, after her engagement with the Merrimac on the 9th of March, never again dared encounter her, though offered frequent opportunities; (2) that so much doubt existed in the minds of the Federal authorities as to her power to meet the Merrimac, that orders were given her Commander not to fight her voluntarily; (3) that the Monitor never ventured above Old Point from the 9th of March until after the destruction of the Merrimac by her own crew, save on the occasion above referred to; (4) that the Merrimac, so far from being seriously injured in her engagement, efficiently protected the approaches to Norfolk and Richmond until Norfolk was evacuated; (5) that the Merrimac could not have gotten to Washington or Baltimore in her normal condition; (6) that she could not have gone to sea at all; (7) that, although she could have run by the Federal fleet and Old Point (barring torpedoes in the channel) and threatened McClellan's base at Yorktown, in exceptionally good weather, yet would have had to leave the James river open.

VII. For the truth of the very important facts mentioned in sections I, II and III, I am willing to abide by the log-book of the Monitor, the dispatches of Flag officer Goldsborough, or the testimony of Commander Dana Greene, United States Navy, who was the gallant and efficient executive officer of the Monitor from the day she left New York until she foundered off Cape Hatteras.

VIII. In conclusion I would like to say, and I do so most cheerfully, that the Monitor made her appearance in Hampton Roads at a critical time—the night of the 8th of March, 1862—and although an untried vessel, of a new and peculiar construction, did on the next day what the old Federal fleet present declined to do—she fought the Merrimac.

If the claim for a reward was put upon this ground alone, no one would be more gratified to see it granted her gallant crew than myself; but to claim prize-money on the ground that the Monitor defeated and permanently disabled the Merrimac, thus saving Wash-

ington and New York, &c., &c., is, in view of the facts above cited, in my humble opinion, preposterous.

Very respectfully, &c.,

WM. H. PARKER.

NOTE.—The "Merrimac" was christened the "Virginia" by the Confederate authorities; but I have preferred in this article to give her the name she was best known by.

FEDERAL TESTIMONY AS TO THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.

NORFOLK, VA., December 27, 1882.

*To the Editor of the Landmark:*

Referring to my article on the claim of the crew of the Monitor for prize money, published in your valuable paper of the 12th inst., I desire to put on record the following extracts from the report of the late Captain G. J. Van Brunt, United States Navy, who commanded the United States frigate Minnesota in the engagement of March 8th and 9th, 1862.

It will be remembered that the Minnesota got aground on the 8th and remained there during the whole of the 9th. Under these circumstances it may well be imagined that Captain Van Brunt was an interested observer of the fight between the Merrimac and Monitor, and *closely noted the result!*

Here is what he says: (the italics are mine.)

UNITED STATES STEAMER MINNESOTA,  
March 10, 1862.

SIR—

\* \* \* \* \*

"As soon as she got off she (the Merrimac) stood down the bay, the little battery chasing her with all speed, when suddenly the Merrimac turned around and run full speed into her antagonist. For a moment I was anxious; but instantly I saw a shot plunge into the iron roof of the Merrimac, which surely must have damaged her. For some time after this the rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot-house of the Monitor, and soon after the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe, and we thought it probable she had exhausted her supply of ammunition, or sustained some injury.

"Soon after the Merrimac and the two other steamers headed for my ship, and I then felt to the fullest extent my condition. I was hard and immovably aground, and they could take position under my stern and rake me. I had expended most of my solid shot; my

ship was badly crippled, and my officers and men were worn out with fatigue, but even in this extreme dilemma I determined never to give up the ship to the rebels, and after consulting with my officers I ordered every preparation to be made to destroy the ship after all hope was gone of saving her.

"On ascending the poop-deck, I observed that the enemy's vessels had changed their course and were heading for Craney Island."

\* \* \* \* \*

I have the honor to be, your very obedient servant,

G. J. VAN BRUNT, *Captain U. S. N.*

Hon. *Gideon Welles*, Secretary of the Navy.

Assuming, Mr. Editor, the account of Captain Van Brunt to be correct, how does the claim that the Monitor whipped the Merrimac on that occasion stand? Respectfully,

Wm. H. PARKER.

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The Army of Tennessee.

By COLONEL WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON.

[The following eloquent response to a toast at the splendid banquet of the Army of Tennessee Association, in New Orleans the 7th of April last, is a fitting eulogy on as brave men as the world ever saw, and we are glad of the privilege of putting it on our record. Colonel Johnston was received by the veterans with great enthusiasm and cheered to the echo when he took his seat.]

Colonel Johnston said :

*Soldiers of the Army of Tennessee*,—In rising, at your invitation, to respond to the sentiment just announced, I feel a deep embarrassment. In any other presence I could stand forth unabashed as the chronicler of your deeds and the eulogist of your martial virtues. There are many links that bind me to you. It was at Camp Borne, Tennessee, that I did my first service in helping to build up the frame work of your army ; and though I was soon transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, I can never forget that your ranks were the arena which I chose as my field of service. Again, as the frequent intermediary staff officer of President Davis with the Generals of your army, I learned to know the Army of Tennessee in every bone and sinew and artery of its organization ; and those who knew

it best admired it most. But most of all, as the son and biographer of one of your leaders, whom it has pleased you to honor, I feel a fraternal sympathy with you in every pulsation of my heart. I have, therefore, much to bind me to you, and anywhere else could proudly recount the famous deeds you have done, as one who had a common interest with you. But here, among the very actors of the most terrific tragedy of modern times—here, face to face with heroes who I know wrought such miracles of valor, I confess I stand abashed. But your kindness and your magnanimity reassure me.

But, soldiers, I do not accept the honor done me to-day as personal to myself. I recognize in it a tribute to the memory of my beloved father, whom Louisiana always treated as a favored child. Louisiana was the State which gave him his military education and toward which his kindest feelings always flowed forth. And this city of New Orleans—Queen of the Southern Waters, the Venice of the West—was the city of all cities pre-eminently dear to his heart. Here he numbered many of his choicest friends. Here he was most cherished in life and most honored in death. I can never forget that New Orleans received his mortal remains into her bosom as he was borne from the battle upon his shield, and that her mourning mingled the antique grandeur and tearful tenderness of the Spartan mother. I remember how your women made constant and solemn decoration of his tomb in the years it was with you, and until it was borne away to his adopted State of Texas.

It is needless, then, to dwell upon the fraternal ties which bind me to you. Soldiers of the Army of Tennessee, we know that we are brothers.

How then, am I coldly and critically to measure your worth, to weigh your acts and to enumerate your services? I cannot do it. It is useless to try, and I will not attempt it. From Bowling Green and Columbus, where, with a skirmish line, you held at bay the hesitating hosts of the North through all the eventful contests of the mightiest struggle of modern times, your army so bore itself as to win an imperishable renown.

It has been my privilege to write a history of the opening scenes of the war in the west; and I believe I have so written it that the tongues of the combatants will attest its truth. It has been questioned whether on Sunday evening at Shiloh—twenty years ago to-day—you were able to grasp the results of victory. I appeal to the men who were at the front; and on this issue I challenge all comers to abide by your verdict.

But it is past. We did our duty, and whether victory crowned our arms, or the inextinguishable fires of hate cease not to pour upon us the consequences of defeat, yet it is well with us. We stand as the representatives of what has been poetically named "The Lost Cause." It is a good name, for we lost so much. The ruin around us, from which political vindictiveness and greed will not allow us to recover, still shows how much of material prosperity was overthrown by the doctrinaires who swayed the masses and controlled the policy of the North. But who shall count the tears, the broken hearts, the crushed hopes of this generous and gallant people? Much, indeed, was lost. But the central idea for which we fought is not lost; the right of self-government, the right to strike back when any alien hand attempts to put its shackles, or to impose its will, upon us or our communities. This is not lost. It is not dead, and since lovers of freedom live North as well as South, it will not die, but will grow and strengthen until the end. Louisiana, here in this city of New Orleans, has evinced this by the combined wisdom and manhood with which she broke the fetters that an impartial tyranny had placed upon her. Honor to the brave men who did it!

When the Southern Confederacy took the attitude of a combatant, it was with sword and shield. She chose to employ the Army of Northern Virginia as the sword of her right hand; while in her left the Western army guarded 1,000 miles of front. If glory gleamed from our flashing falchion in the east at Manassas, and Richmond, and Chancellorsville, and in the Valley, the shield of the west bore all the tests of as high a resolution, and of as noble endurance at Shiloh, and Perryville, and Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, down to those last days when a remnant under Gibson held Canby and his 40,000 veterans in check at Spanish Fort.

If the Army of Northern Virginia was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon"—sheathed by the mighty hand of Lee at Appomattox—verily, when the weeping eyes of our women were turned to where you guarded so long and well, the heart of the Confederacy, through the noise of the lamentation, a voice went up, crying, "This is, indeed, my shield and my buckler."

And so may it ever be. May you, veterans of the Army of Tennessee, by the arms of your vigorous manhood and the counsels of your mature age, ever prove a shield and a defense for your people.

**Notes and Queries.**

*Our refutation of General Doubleday's slander of General Armistead* has elicited hearty thanks from many quarters. Among others a gallant soldier and distinguished citizen (once governor) of another State, who was Armistead's comrade in the Mexican War, writes: "Your complete vindication of General Armistead in your August and September issue, furnishes a valuable leaf in the history of the war between the States, and relieves from calumny the memory of as gallant a soldier, and as true a patriot, as ever drew sword in a just cause."

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*General Fitzhugh Lee invited to lecture in New England.*

The following letter from Dr. Hamlin (a nephew of ex-Vice President Hamlin) explains itself. Its frank, manly spirit, and the feelings which dictated it, will be appreciated and reciprocated by our Confederate soldiers and people:

BANGOR, MAINE, December 8, 1882.

*General*.—I am instructed by the Grand Army Post, No. 12, of this city, which numbers among its members about three hundred and fifty old soldiers, to invite you to deliver before them and the citizens of Bangor your lecture on the Battle of Chancellorsville, which we understand you are now delivering in Southern cities for the benefit of the Southern Historical Society.

We shall be pleased to listen to your description of the battle, and we shall be prepared to accept its truth; for the deeds of valor performed on either side during the war have now become the property of the nation.

Moreover, we might just as well admit them now as to leave them to posterity to admire.

The invitation extended to you is offered in good faith, and has no ulterior political object whatever. You will not be expected to arrange your lecture to suit our fancies, but to say whatever you think is proper and right.

If the proposition is acceptable to you, I think that we can make arrangements for you to deliver the same lecture on your return trip homeward at Portland, Providence, and perhaps, at other cities in New England.

\* \* \* \* \*

I think the old soldiers of the Grand Army would be very glad to lend their assistance in aiding you to obtain funds for the use of the Southern Historical Society; for the truth must prevail in the end.

Furthermore we hope this friendly offer on our part will be received in a true soldierly spirit.

Very respectfully,

AUG. C. HAMLIN,

*Chairman of Committee.*

*To General Fitzhugh Lee, Virginia.*

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## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

RENEWALS are now very much in order, and we beg our friends to forward us promptly the \$3.00 due us by so many of our subscribers. And while sending your own renewal, do try and send us also *at least one new subscription.*

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GENERAL GEO. D. JOHNSTON, after a splendid campaign in Mississippi, goes now to Arkansas in the interests of our Society, looking after "Permanent Endowment" as well as annual subscriptions. If this gallant soldier, accomplished gentleman, and "Prince of Agents" needed any commendation from us there is very much we could say. But to friends among whom he may go we will only say: "*Hear him for his cause, and help him as you love the name and fame of our Confederate soldiers and people.*

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OUR GENERAL INDEX TO FIRST TEN VOLUMES OF SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, which we published in our December number, cost us a good deal of labor, and considerable extra expense for the printing; but we are sure our readers will appreciate it as a very important addition to the value of our volumes. A glance at it will show the invaluable work which the Society has already done, and will indicate the great work which yet remains to be accomplished.

We intended it as a New Year's offering to our subscribers, and an *earnest* of what we have in store for them in future—*always providing they do not forget the little matter of sending us their renewal fees.*

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GENERAL FITZ. LEE'S SOUTHERN TOUR, and the splendid ovation which he received has excited general attention and interest, and invitations for him to repeat the lecture are pouring in from every quarter.

We could write many pages more of the details of our charming trip, but we find our space this month, as last, too crowded for us to do more than give a bare summary of what it would be very pleasant to write out fully.

Our visit to SAVANNAH is fragrant with many hallowed memories, for, besides the lavish hospitality with which we were treated, there are few places in the country which so teem with historic associations as the beautiful "Forrest city."

Captain A. A. Winn, who had been very active in inviting General Lee to Savannah, called a meeting, to arrange for his visit, and at this meeting the following committee was appointed :

Henry R. Jackson, A. R. Lawton, Robert H. Anderson, John Screven, G. M. Sorrel, T. F. Screven, H. M. Branch, Peter Reilly, B. H. Richardson, David Waldhauer, George P. Walker, C. C. Hardwicke, J. F. Brooks, J. H. Estill, R. P. Myers, M. D., James L. Taylor, Charles H. Olmstead, Geo. W. Alley, C. H. Morel, W. S. Bogart, G. M. Ryals, A. H. Lane, Rufus E. Lester, W. S. Basinger, J. B. Read, M. D., Joel Kennard, A. McC. Duncan, E. P. Alexander, John F. Wheaton, LaFayette McLaws, Henry C. Wayne, George A. Mercer, John Schwarz, W. W. Gordon, Fred. M. Hull, A. A. Winn, H. M. Comer, T. B. Chisholm, W. G. Waller, John Talliaferro, J. D. Johnston, T. S. Wayne, C. L. Chestnut, John Flannery, Daniel Lahey, D. G. Purse, Wm. Duncan, C. W. Anderson, R. G. Gaillard, J. F. Gilmer, Cormack Hopkins, J. G. Thomas, M. D., C. C. Schley, M. D., Julian Myers, E. M. Anderson.

The committee had arranged a brilliant reception of General Lee at the depot—an open barouche drawn by four beautiful grays, a turnout of the military, etc.—but "the cavalry flanked them" by arriving some hours ahead of the appointed time and quietly finding at the Pulaski House the elegant rooms which the Messrs. Goodsell had set apart as our quarters. But the committee and other friends were not long in ascertaining that we had "stolen a march on them," and we were soon "surrounded and captured" by genial, courteous gentlemen who left no wish unattended to during our stay, and no effort unspared to make our visit a continued pleasure. Our drives, and walks (when we could steal off from the carriages which were in constant attendance), about the city and its beautiful suburbs—our visit to the Georgia Historical Society, the cemeteries, monuments, wharves, parks, cotton presses, &c., &c.—were rendered the more delightful by congenial company.

We have asked a competent hand to write us, for future publication, some sketches of points of historic interest about Savannah, and we cannot further allude to them now than to say that we were particularly struck with the superb bronze statue of the Confederate soldier on the Confederate monument, (the generous gift of the late G. W. J. DeRenne, Esq.)—the beautiful Pulaski monument, one of the finest in the world,—"Hodgson Hall," the Library of the Georgia Historical Society, which was the gift of Mrs. Telfair Hodgson as a memorial to her husband—and other points which we cannot now even mention. [By the way what more appropriate and beautiful monument to a deceased loved one can be erected than a Historical Society building? And is there not one somewhere who desires thus to connect the name of some loved one with a building for the *Southern Historical Society?*]

As we said in our last, General Lee's lecture at the Savannah theatre was

a splendid success. The brilliant audience—the eloquent introduction of Capt. Geo. A. Mercer,—the presence on the platform of General Lafayette McLaws, General E. P. Alexander, Mayor John F. Wheaton, Judge William D. Harden, General G. M. Sorrel, General R. H. Anderson, Colonel Chas. H. Olmstead, Major G. M. Ryals, Colonel Rufus E. Lester, Major A. A. Winn, Major Lachlan McIntosh, Dr. Wm. Charters, W. S. Bogart, Esq., and R. J. Larcombe, Esq.—and the enthusiastic and oft-repeated applause with which General Lee was greeted—all combined to make the scene an inspiring and long-to-be-remembered one, and fully justified the *Morning News* in saying that “the audience was thoroughly delighted, entertained, interested, and instructed by one of the most pleasing and graphic lectures ever delivered.”

The “Reception” at the City Hall, presided over by his Honor, Mayor Wheaton, (to whom we were indebted for many courtesies, none the less gracefully tendered, and cordially received, because he was a gallant Confederate soldier,) was a very pleasant affair.

The banquet of the Chatham Artillery (of whose armory and grand old history we will have much to say hereafter), was a magnificent affair in all of its details, from the beautiful carriage, and four spanking bays, which conveyed us to and from the armory to the last greetings in the “wee sma’ hours,” as the company rose, and with clasped hands, sang “Auld Lang Syne.”

Admirable speeches were made, in response to toasts, by General Lee, General A. R. Lawton, Corporal Walter G. Charlton, Captain Geo. A. Mercer, Colonel Clifford W. Anderson, Major B. J. Burgess, General McLaws, Sergeant J. R. Saussy, Major J. G. Ryals, General R. H. Anderson, Judge Harden, and others. But as a specimen of the spirit of the occasion we give in full the following eloquent response of W. S. Bogart, Esq., to the call made on him :

*Gentlemen of the Chatham Artillery:*—It has been my pleasure many times before to share in your entertainments, and as an honorary member retired from active service to enjoy your festivities, and to recall, so far as memory can, the pleasures and the pride of former days. But none of these happy occasions do I remember with more satisfaction, or with a greater sense of the fitness of things, than the present one, when we are recalling the memories of the past in the suggestive presence of one who has illustrated them so well. The surviving heroes of our patriotic struggles are few enough, and are yearly becoming fewer. Let me congratulate you then that you have in your hall to-night one of these gallant survivors as your welcome guest. Personally he may, until this visit, have been a stranger to most of us, but his name and his military life have been for years familiar with us all. He bears the cognomen of that noble hero, whose nephew he is, and whose fame is immortal. It will never be, or if it shall, not until memory and gratitude are both forgotten, that there shall be lacking in Savannah a welcome to a *Lee* of that Virginia stock, which gave us the “patriot

brothers" of the first Revolution, their great cousin, "Harry Lee of the Legion," and his greater son—in the Chevalier, "*sans peur et sans reproche*"—our second Washington. The knightly graces of this household, and the golden honors it has won in a century and a half will never be forgotten, but reproduced, as they have been, in each generation, and coupled with the personal merits of each individual inheritor, the law of "*noblesse oblige*" will ever preserve them. For gallantry in war, for manliness in peace, for faithfulness to principle, for eloquent vindication of patriotic motives, and for patient sufferance, yet with hearty indignation of wrong to his native State, from foes without and from traitors within, our distinguished guest is a worthy scion of the old stock.

Nor is it without a certain sense of fitness that the grandson of Washington's favorite cavalry officer, and the nephew of him whom we love even more than Washington—because he had Washington's virtues, and was nearer to us in years—should be your guest to-night. Both of these Southern heroes have, each in his own day, visited Savannah, have seen your battery in line, have complimented its personnel and its "dextrous" drill, and have shared the greetings of the oldest artillery corps of the South, now close approaching its Centennial anniversary. Fitting, then, it is, that this honored military body, representing in the past its founders in almost Revolutionary days (for its first service was to bury in yonder cemetery General Nathaniel Greene), and in the present, its gallant Captain and brave cannoneers, in the sufferings and trials of our four years' civil war, should pay this tribute of hospitality to one who is so closely connected, by alliance or by blood, with these noblest Americans, and who, by his own brilliant deeds, illustrates so well the heritage he has received.

This distinguished soldier and his reverend friend, equally welcomed here—himself no untried specimen of a soldier, who followed the camp from Manassas to Appomattox—visit Savannah on a mission of high purpose and value. Having helped to make history in troubrous days, they come to induce us to help preserve and perpetuate it. The gathering and the publishing the records of the war are the essential justification of our cause, and on these depend the honor, the patriotism and the right of our people in history. These records, then, become the weapons with which we are to fight over again, before the forum of the world's judgment, the great war of secession and independence. In that contest the Southern mind and the Southern tongue and pen will not be less brilliant but more successful than the Southern heart and the Southern sword. Let us do what we can to help this great purpose and end.

Fellow citizens and guests, I offer you the name and fame of *Fitzhugh Lee*, the worthy comrade in the saddle of Stuart and of Hampton, and the good deeds of *J. William Jones*, the Chaplain of "The Boys in Gray," whose life-work will perpetuate on the enduring page the memory of our heroes living and dead.

Our printers report our space all filled, and we must reluctantly leave out

what we had to say of Augusta, Athens, Rome, and Greenville, S. C., at all of which places we met a cordial greeting, and were placed under high obligations for courtesies freely extended.

But we must say, that Colonel C. C. Jones, Jr., and the committee in Augusta—Dr. Newton, Captain Charlton, and others, in Athens—Captain Bamwell, Colonel Magruder, and others, in Rome—General Capers, Colonel Montgomery, and others, in Greenville—all did their best to make our visits pleasant, and the lecture a success, and that the *Greenville News* but voiced the general feeling at all of these places when it said the morning of our arrival: "GENERAL LEE! Greenville welcomes you to-day with the heartiness born of loyalty to the cause you represent, of love for the name you bear, and of honor for the fame you won, when fame was gained with bared breast and blade, fearless heart, and patriotism that recked nothing of consequence."

Our programme is not yet definitely arranged, but we are purposing another tour very soon, when we can ask nothing more than that we may meet with like treatment and success.

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### Literary Notices.

SWINTON'S ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, revised by the author, and reissued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

We are indebted to the publishers for this admirable edition of a book which has long been noted for its real ability, and whose author President Davis justly pronounces "the fairest and most careful of the Northern writers on the war."

We expect to have hereafter a full review of the book, and to point out some very serious errors into which the author has fallen; but meantime we advise our friends to buy the book.

The publishers, J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, have sent us a copy of their beautifully gotten up "MEMOIR OF ADMIRAL JOHN A. DAHLGREN," by his widow, Mrs. M. V. Dahlgren.

The book is largely *autobiographical*, as it quotes fully from the diaries, letters, etc., of the distinguished Admiral, and touches on many matters of deepest interest, and historic importance, to which we shall hereafter give attention.

"*The Bivouac*," Louisville, Ky., for December, is an interesting and valuable number, and we again commend it as worthy of a wide circulation. We thank the editors for kindly reference to our PAPERS.